

The Inconvenience

-Not my first call and won't be my last!

-I'm sure of it. And I know the subject I bet.

-Twenty minutes waiting for a little family group to amble across! Time is fuckin money! Due at airport and Lear all fueled up. What you think that cost me?

-Those animals protected by Feds. Endangered.

-They'll be endangered when I get through all right!

-We offered to build a fence along that route and you and other no-tax hooligans fought it like hell. Then bragged about your victory in a full-page ad.

-So you wouldn't forget it! No pool at new high school either. Y only fifteen miles.

-Well, no critter remedy here anymore. Would you care to shout anyway? Or buy another ad touting Power to the People!-so long as they're rich.

-That obnoxious little prick. We made him and he began forgetting the very first hour in office!

-Out here in the wild, we don't even take notice.

-If I hired you to kill them...?

-Uh uh. No federal pen for me!

-Well what do you...?

-Relocating. I'll trap and bring 'em up here.

-How much?

-Fifty thousand.

-Uh huh? That's to start talking.

-Not up here. That's it.

-That the only arrow in your quiver then?

-Poison.

-How much for that?

-Ten.

-Dangerous! I mean can it be traced?

-Know a certain good ole boy. Be something can be claimed it's from camp sites. Okay for us but toxic to our little friends.

-I'm still worried the whole business'll come back here, to me.

-Twenty years maybe. Who'll give a shit by then?

-Go!